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TUESDAY, MAY 26, 1903.

THE CUBAN REPUBLIC.

The Cuban republic has now been in Lee takes a very hopeful view of affairs letters telling him that everything is godent Palma and his Cabinet are men of ing the first year of the republic they have accumulated a surplus of over three million dollars, notwithstanding the enormous sums that have been expended for

The Cuban railroad has now been comrers can go from Havana to Santiago in pletion of this road will, of course, inthe value of lands in the center settlers will locate along the route. The Hayana are kept clean and the parks and who were taken to the hospital, and

this topic, "that the subject of an indebaus do not ask for annexation to the will be no intention on the part of the United States to interfere with Cuban

Epanlards notice to quit we coupled it their own will ask to be anconsider it, but until they do make such a request it is our business to leave them alone and to give them all the friendly

VIRGINIA AUTHORS.

of Hamlet with Hamlet left out, since in Thomas Nelson Page was accidentally omitted. Our idea was that with the names of Tom Page, Phil Bruce, Alexander Brown, Mary Johnston, Amelle Rives and Ellen Glasgow to start with, It would not be difficult to add others from which number the three esteemed the greatest might be chosen. But there is greatness in creative literature; i. e., in romance and poetry and the dramaand there is greatness in historical productions; greatness in mathematics, etc. The term is broad and not easily defined in this matter was to suggest some nam our correspondent undertook to decide for herself-a task from which we cannot relieve her-"who are the three greatest living Virginia authors."

GRAVES IN PRIVATE SECTIONS

The Daughters of the Confederacy at Suffolk have passed a resolution deploring the practice that has marked late Memorial Days of paying more attention to the decoration of private graves than to those of soldiers.

The practice complained of is noticeable easily corrected, for the reason that in Virginia, in every private burial section, one or more of our soldier dead lie.: On no account would the friends of these men consent to pass these graves by on Memorial Day, and while there they could hardly find heart to signore the graves of others of their beloved dead. Yet the question raised by the Daughters will do good. It will cause Daughters and others to pay more attention to soldiers' graves. Persons who have de poted their exclusive care to private sections will be ashamed of their selfish nees, and will at least give a share of their work and flowers to the object for which the day was instituted.

In this day of reviving interest in all

The Times-Dispatch. of the boys who were the gray, it is fit that all possible aid and encouragement should be given to the ladles memorial associations. They have been faithful and laborious. They have done a great deal of good work, and have not always been helped or appreciated as they should have been. We know they have been disheartened at times at seeing so many people devoting "all" their attention to the graves in private sections, when flowers and personal help were needed-ah so badly needed-by their sisters who had undertaken the duty of decorating the graves in the soldiers' sections.

LOVE AND WORK.

A prominent North Carolinian, who has been eminently successful as a business man, in a recent interview declared that one could do best that which he loved "If he has started in a business which he cannot learn to love," said he ness. He will never succeed in this age of competition unless he can find real must find his highest enjoyment in the task itself. No man who works along based on my own experience and my ob

That is equivalent to saying that a mar should be consecrated to his work; not consecrated in any sanctimonious sense, but in the sense of loving service. As on Sunday last, those who profess and pected to separate themselves from the enterprise and faithful service. In short, that it is the duty of every religious man whether he be preacher or editor or lawshould conduct himself in his vocation. the man who gives to his work that sort

DEATH OF MAX O'RELL.

We are distressed to hear of the death of Paul Blouet, the famous French liant intellect, a man of wide information. a spley, witty writer, who usually took who gave instruction while he gave enwith the American people. He was an and paid many tributes in his writings to a regular contributor to the columns of The Times-Dispatch, and our readers will doubtless share with us the sorrow which we feel in his taking off.

The remains of Patrick Henry are to be brought to Virginia and buried in Richmond. We believe this bespeaks his wishes, were he alive to express them. There are few men with souls so dead as not to prefer to sleep the sleep that knows no awakening in the bosom of their native State. Virginians, too, will cherish the thought that he is buried in the State, which he must have loved as the State, which he must have loved as

probably say as Bishop Wilmees said werbial. In point of fact, however, Patrick Henry's bones have always rested in Virginia soil. It would be very fit, and let them rest forever under old St. ing he set the colonists aftre with his elo-

Hon Thomas Ewing, Jr., was one of bration at Chillicothe last week, and in father would have been the Whig canditreachery of a single Ohio delegate in would have been President on the death Mr. Ewing explained how this was, the eports of his address do not give the excanation. In the absence of an explana-tion, the Springfield Republican is inhe ed to doubt the accuracy of the young-Ewing's statement, and brings out he following figures:

On the first ballot for Vice-President Lawrence, of Massachusetts, 109, and the on alning fifty-one votes were scattered on the second ballot Filmore had 173 Lawrence eighty-seven, and six scatter-ing. Fillmore was then declared the nom-

stantiated it will be interesting, in that it will show how near a man can come to a goal and then not reach it.

There is trouble in store for the post master at Scattle. A reporter of a Seut tle paper saw the Presidents' private mail, and told in print how two letters from Mrs. Roosevelt were addressed an ing that she was careless, inasmuch was all but omitted. Speculation was also indulged in as to what articles had been marked for the President's eye in a paper sent by Mrs. Roosevelt to her President Roosevelt was highly indig-

nant when he saw the publication. He his private mail to be inspected, and declared that he would have him investi-gated. The President is right. It was taste, at least, for the newspaper to have criticised Mrs. Roosevelt's writing.

The Newport News Times-Herald rethat pertains to the history and heroism produces a paragraph from this paper

Richmond, and adds:

Richmond, and adds:

The Richmond paper pays a fine tribute to Mr. Williams, and one that he richly deserves, for no family in the State has contributed more in recent years in various ways to the general good than his. President John Skelton Williams, of the Seaboard Air Line, and R. Lancaster Williams, of the Norfolk properties, have done a world of good in their spheres, and hundreds of instances of their generalty are never known.

and hundreds of instances of their generosity are never known.

They have done much to develop the material interests of both Richmond and Norfolk, and the fruits of their industry have been shared with those with whom they have come in contact. If they have reaped bounteously, generously have they given, and this \$100,000 public hospital is but one instance of it. They are citizens which any city or State may well be proud to claim.

It is a pity that General Wheeler overlooked in forming the parade at New Orleans, but no words need be wasted about it now. It was an unintentional at nearly every great affair of the kind. We've had them here in Richmond, and we have heard of them in Washington The truth is, that though the marshals and deputy marshals are many, most of them get into a state of great excite-

of Virginia, and we should think it could be cultivated advantageously in this State, but, as was shown in our "Queries an about in connection with it can be expected. The prices of the roots are regarly quoted in some of the agricultural

telephone exchange, and will be put into talking communication with the outside world. Our correspondent from that point also mentions that the new cannery vill be completed by June 1st, and will be in operation early in August.

of Ashland's enterprise and progress. It is a fine town and it will continue to

The Baltimore Sun says: "It is generall State is concerned it has not been fortu nate enough to collect her share, and the

was called the "advance agent of prosperity," but that Roosevelt will be spoken of as the "advance agent of posterity," for "children will rise up and bless him." That may be: "bless him" has a double

Brother Payne, he of the Postoffice De partment, spends the greater part of his time nowadays explaining things, and go down in history as the great

The Charlotte county man who is still put down in the list of strong-minded

the country who can afford to have a falling out with Pierpont Morgan, and they

back to the original idea. His latest adthe country and go to poultry raising.

waltzed right up to the front to say he won't have it, and Mr. Roosevelt feels

The Presidential outlook will be ignored the rural districts of Virginia until the county office business shall be definitely

That Bristol prisoner who was allowed to go out of juil to take a "little airing" is so fond of fresh air he has not returned

at New Orleans, but somehow they could not lose the little fellow in war times.

If any reliance is to be put in the experts, the Reliance becomes more and more reliable every time it takes a spin. According to Bishop Burgess, somebody

that fellow Pennypacker. And the rains came, a little late, but

they came, and brought joy to many pearls in the rural districts. Blackstone's prohibition election was not of the sticking kind. It has to be done all over again.

The drought was long and distressing, but the rains came in good time. There will be crops in the old land yet.

The returns from the dressmakers' deunusual crop of June brides.

The drought in Connecticut has already gone far enough to advance the price of clear Havana cigars.

If Mr. Cleveland is really after that nomination he may be classed as a still hunter-very still.

Big Stone Gap is taking a running start or a big Fourth of July burn-out.

With a Comment or Two. With a Comment or Two.

He is nowhere! And the camps of/Confederate Veterans are mainly responsible for his obliteration. They have made him colonets and generals until there is none of him left, and in thus distinguishing him they have quite extinguished him-Petershurg Index-Appeal.

The above is an extract from a lecture

on the private, and it is full of error does not provide for generals and cole

The begining of Cleveland by Wall Street organs can be depended on to put a quietus on Roosevelt's trustbusting for the rest of this term.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

Perhaps that explains the Wall Street

'booming," if there has really been any

Newport News and Hampton come first; hen Tidewater; then the State.-Newport

That depends upon which way you are

Trand of Chought In Dixie Land

Atlanta Journal: Now that Mr. Roosevelt has convinced himself that the West is for him, maybe the South can hope for some little favorable attention from him to offeet the opposition of the lily white delegates.

Chattanooga Times: They do say that up in New Hampshire, since the abolition of the prohibitory laws, the boys are "usshing to beat the band." It is hinted that at the rate the drink habit is going a couple of years of license will quite suffice even the advocates of the local option idea.

Montgomery Advertiser: An old Jack son county Democrat proposes Cleveland and Wheeler as the ticket and "Sound Money and Santiaso" as the platform That isn't at all bad.

Birmingham News: It is seldom that a ward politician is made a Cabinet officer, And Payne's record is calculated to make it still more infrequent.

Memphis Commercial-Appeal: If Grove is elected he will be ingratitude personified if he does not roward Watterson and Bry-an for their services in making his nomi-nation possible.

A Few Foreign Facts.

A rew roreign racts.

Adelaide Ristori, whom the German Emperor hailed as "the queen of tragedy," is the Marquise de Grillo, although known to the history of the stage simply as Ristoril. She was born at Fruill in 1821, and between 1855 and 1873 was the undisputed queen of the tragic stage. Ristori has been living in almost complete retirement since 1882.

on May 6th the Crown Prince of Prussia and future German Emperor became of age. The second son of the German Emperor, Prince Eitel Frederlek, will celebrate his twenty-first birthday on July 7, 1904, and the third son, Prince Adelbert, on July 14, 1905. The fourth son, Prince Augusto William, will be sixteen years old next January. Oscar is a year younger, while the sixth son will be thirteen next December. The Kalser's only daughter is the youngest child, being eleven is the youngest child, being eleve

The London Chronicle says that rumors recently circulated about the health of Cardinal Vaughan are slightly exagger-ated. For the last two years he has suffered from an aliment of the heart, which The Baltimore Sun says: "It is generally known that in "fish, oysters and wild fowl the Chesapeake has produced more wealth to Maryland and Virginia than the gold mines have given to California." Yes, it has "produced" it, but so far as this State is concerned it has not been fortu-

A few days ago King Otto, of Bavaria, completed his fifty-fifth year. As a young man he served in the wars of 1806 and 1870, and it was very soon after the latter that his mind save way. His elder brother, King Ludwig II., had to be put under restraint, and the present regent was appointed on June 10, 1886. Three days later King Ludwig managed to drown himself and his medical attendant, and the empty reign of Otto began. The mather of these princes was a daughter of Prince William, of Prussia, uncle of the first Kaiser.

Personal and General.

Right Rev. Julius A. Chatron, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Ozaka, Japan who has lived and labored in the Orient for thirty years, is visiting and lecturing in this country.

Perry C. Smith, who, under President Cleveland's first administration, was prom-inent in the reorganization of some of the branches of the departments at Washington, died on Monday in Newport, It. I. His sister, Miss Helen Smith, is the dean of Wells College.

The anniversary of the birth of Philip D. Armour, in Chicago, was celebrated by a special service in the mission he founded. A touching tribute was paid by Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus.

Ira Harrison Condit, well known in Ornnge, N. J., has just celebrated his nine-ty-fifth birthday. He is believed to be the only living son of a Revolutionary scidler in his State, and his grandfather was also a minute man in the Conti-

Baron von Rheinbaden, the Prussian Minister of Finance, who is making a short visit to this country, was given a dinner in his honor by Jacob H. Schiff in New York last week.

Mrs. S. R. Reins is the oldest principal Mrs. S. R. Reins is the oldest principal in the Now York schools, having served continuously since 1803. The teachers un-der her presented her with a sunburst of diamonds and pearls, hidden in a box of American beauty roses, which she found on her desk last Friday.

North Carolina Sentiment. The Newbern Journal preaches this

"It is the active money, which gives fair return to its owner, at the same the through its activity assists others by promoting local industries, which are sengit to all such acquired to the control of promoting local industries, which are a benefit to all, such capital is prolitable, and the community blessed with capital-ists who make their money active in local enterprises is the community which is going ahead, and going in every way."

The Greenville Reflector makes this

The Greenville Reflector makes this cheering announcement:
"For once Senator Simmons is wrong. He says that the main idea of Southerners at present is to win. We think that the main idea of Southerners at present is to make the biggest crop of cotton, corn, rice, hog and tobacco on record."

The Wilmington Star says:

The Wilmington Star says:
"North Carolina never was much of a horn-blower, not enough, and that is one reason, perhaps, why so much of the progress she is making attracts so lite attention; but there is not in all the South a State which shows more steady, solid progress, if there be one that shows as much. And the good work goes on, and will go on."

The Smithfield Herald offers this advice

The Smithfield Herald offers this advice to the downcast tobacco raisers;
"If you are short of plants, doubtless you can get them by going out a little to look them up. If you have the land for tobacco and arrangements made for barns, don't give it up on account of dry weather. Set out your tobacco as soon as it rains, and we think we are sefe in predicting that you will get fairly good prices for it next fall. For several years tobacco has been the best moncy crop for this section."

Quelled Trouble on Train.

Quelled Trouble on Train.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch;

Sir-Being a passenger on the Chesapeake and Conconversion run last Satman and Chesapeake and Conconversion run last Satman and Chesapeake and Conconversion run last Satman and Chesaman and Chesama

them off!" The cord was persistently pulled; the train stopped before the first station was reached. Captain Woody came in with the brakemen, and at the urgent request and with willing assistance of several cool hadded and strong armed men, took the disturbers of the peace off and locked them up in the baggage car. Prior to the removal bottles and jugs were broken and whiskey flowed freely on the floor. Captain Woody wired to Hanover Courthouse; had an officer prosent, who received the offenders.

train officials, what must have developed into a disastrous row, was disposed of it a way that will serve as a warning to an one who might dare to offer such a affront to Virginia ladies and gentlemen while in the exercise of a right for which they have paid, of riding in a public carriage in peace and safety.

C. S. DICKINSON, Oakland, Va., May 25, 1903.

CARD FROM COL, CHRISTIAN

He Replies to the Recent Criticism of

Delegate Whitehead. Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir.—As I see that you published wanton and unfounded charges of John Whitehead against me in the House of Delegates on the selection of the judge of

Amherst county, I feel sure that from

sense of justice and fair play, you will
publish this communication in reply.
I would characterize his charges as
they deserve to be, were it not for the
fact that my neighbors and all the people of Amherst know them to be unequivceally false. If he can find one truthful
and reputable citizen in the county of
Amherst that will corroborate and enderse
these charges then I stand convicted and
will hang my head in shame.

I have lived continuously from birth
on Jumes Ikver, near Walker's Ford, in
Amherst county, on lands held by my
forefathers for more than one hundred
sixty years, during which time it
swell known from tradition that no barroom ever sold whiskey in this neighborhood, it is well known to all that no
bar-room, etc., has for the last fiftee
or twenty years been kept in this
of the whole area of the whole county, it
is well known to all that no barroom has been kept in any adjacent county
for fifteen or twenty years unen where
were the bar-rooms for me to "frequent?"
It is well known that I never so to Anherst Courthouse but pace poor month
(court day), when I invitably or month
(court day), when I invitably one on the
fourty store and deposit my bagge
as a place of safety, and if Mr. Day's
drug store is a bar-roim and once a
month is "frequenting," hen that parof the accusation is a bar-grounded and
honorable judge and one of the prosecuing attorneys in the Campbell case, invariably were typer and deposit my bagge
has a place of safety, and if Mr. Day's
drug store is a bar-ground and once a
month is "frequenting," hen that parof the accusation is developed that
he well on evidence before the House Committee that certain distinguished and
honorable judge and one of the prosecuting attorneys in the Campbell case, invariably work to the fallow per committee that
the campon help with the Campbell case, invariably work to the fallow per month
since my majority, and none before—have
goor four years on four drinks—as John
White's preacher-uncle, whom I kept in
my tent as my chapl

inquisition in mediavel times deny this right.

Whitehead asserted that he had seen med drunk one hundred times. Ye Gods and little fishes? He must have had his eyes on an "Argus," to see a drunken man from Norfolk to Amherst, I had not seen the man that I can recall for more than twenty years until I saw him at the Campbell trial.

It is true that I filled the office of County Superintendent of Schools and Commonwealth's Attorney for a series of terms, but only went to "Amherst" once a month, and occasionally saw him then a boy, and for him to have seen me drunk a hundred times, he must have been an infantile policeman on guard at the bar-rooms of Amherst day and night without relief, and counted on me not 1 of "Argus."

Another orime against me in White-

reached the alloted time of man, and have more business of my own than I feel like attending to.

It could reflect no more on me. I have for years proclaimed to the people of Amherst when solicited to stand for office that under the new regime of the times, when ballots are an article of commerce, that I would not have any office. I was not ruised on "public pap" neither have I lived on it, and hope when I die to be laid by made a living this far by a strict adherence the lonesty truth and honer and being conscious of having the full confidence and respect of all the first-class people who know me, I care nothing about the mistatements and abuse of the traducer, but I do think it a hardenip and a shame that a man borne down by the weight of "seventy yours," and painful wounds received in the defense of his country, should be dragged without provocation from the retirement of his home, to be abused by such a man as John Whitehead, but I shall take no further notice of him, but leave him to the lashings of his conscience—the Fakher—and his God,

Very respectfully.

Wallter's Ford, Va Colonel Cameron Here.

Former Governor William E. Cameron of Petersburg, was in the city yesterda; and was a caller at the Capitol.

"Do you seek Alcides' equal? None is, except himself" Those who seek the equal of Gorham / * Silver Silver find it only in productions of the Gorham Co. Though costing as much none other possesses the same distinguished qualitles. AII

responsible jewelers

keep it

STERLING.

THE PURPLE GOD.

"There's actually a smell of blood in this smoke," said Jack.
"Well, there may be, sir," replied the sergeant. "The town was a recking shambles after the mob got into it. I hope I may never see anything like it again."
One of the most prominent of the civilian inhabitants of Meerut at that time was Judge Carnac, of the high courts, and his residence, which was too large and stately to be called a bungalow, was and stately to be called a bungalow, was situated in the eastern suburbs of the town; a spacious compound enclosed build-ing and stables.

town; a spacious compound enclosed building and stables.
Here, after making a detour to avoid
the main road, Jack and the sergeant
airrived without being molested on the
way. They climbed over the low compound wall and went cautiously through
the shrubbery and flowers.
The house was quite dark and silent;
not a glimmer of light shone beatind the
green Venetian blinds at the windows.
"None of the family is at home," said
Jack, who knew the place well. "Judge
Carnac has gone down to Calcutta to see
his wife and daughter off for England,
and the servants have either fled or joined
the rioters."

and the servants have either fied or joined the rioters."

"Then the coast is clear for us." Ruggles answered. "But it won't he that way long. Listen, sir!"

Toward the heart of the town, where fames were still glowing dull red through the heavy curtain of smoke, the scattered looters were yelling like madmen, while they destroyed furniture, battered in doors and played have with the shop windows in the bazars.

Hark, they are smashing the doors!"

"They'll be here next, sir. About them horses—"

"I think we'll find them in the stables, Ruggles. Hullo, what's that?"

A gleam of white that was visible above the front wall of the compound vanished with a scurry of feet.

"The fellow saw us," said Ruggles, "and he's gone to tell the rest."

"Quick, then; we must make the most of our chance."

Twenty yards brought them to the stables, where, to their unbounded satisfaction, they found five horses quietly munching feed in their stables, where, to their unbounded satisfaction, they found five horses quietly munching feed in their stables, where, to their unbounded satisfaction, they found five horses quietly munching feed in their stables; the syec could not have been long gone. They chose the two best—a fine bay mare and the judges sorrel riding cob.

"Look sharp!" said Jack.

He struck a wax vesta, and then another, which gave the sergeant time to take the saddles and bridles from the hooks and adjust them. Then they led the animals outside, mounted at once and turned from the stable yard into a lane hodged with prickly pear that ran toward the highway on which the house faced.

"That was quick work," said Ruggles,

toward the highway on which the house faced.

"That was quick work," said Ruggles.
"And now for Delhi, sir?"

"Yes, of course—no, by Jove, my good fellow. I've just remembered something."

"You know Mr. Estcourt's plantation at Rampoora? He has a private telegraph wire there, put up for business purposes, which connects with the Lucknow main line at Futtebad, on the Ganges. And Lucknow is in touch with Delhi. It's only nine miles to the plantation, and the mutineers—whom I'm afraid we could never have caught upmust travel thirty-six. We can get a message to Delhi hours before they arrive."

"Couldn't be better, sir."

"Couldn't be better, sir."
"And—and I have friends at Ram-poora who must be warned of their

danger."
"That's a duty you owe to them, sir.
It's Rampoora, then?"
"Yes, to Rampoora—the right hand

turn." of the young officer justice, the To do the young oncer justes, the suddenly-remembered opportunity of sending a wire almost direct from Est-court's place to Delhi was his first consideration, had been first in his mind. That he would see Madge and be able to take steps to provide for her safety was an after-thought, though one that thrilled his whole being with gratitude and lov.

thrilled his whole being with grantade and Joy.

"Poor girl, she must be in great distress," he said to himself. "Of course, she has heard the report of my death. I hope Ralph hasn't been doing anything rash."

A lusty shout, followed instantly by a shrill chorus, interrupted his reflections, "We've got our work cut out for us, sir." exclaimed Ruggles. "And stiff test at that."

sir," exclaimed Ruggies, work at that."
Sliff work, indeed! The two had just wheeled from the lane into the highway, to the left, and a dozen yards in front of them, barring their progress, was a mob of native ruffians, at least two

mob of native ruffians, at least two score strong.
"Death so the infidel dogs!" they yelled. "Slay the feringhees!"
Jack's keen eye noted at once that they carried only sticks and staves, and that apparently there was not a firearm among them. A fleres thirst for vengance, a reckless impulse born of his hot blood, stiffed the more prudent suggestion of a delour to the rear.
"Shall we turn back, sir?" shouted Ruggles, pulling at his rein.
"By heavens, no!" cried the young officer. "Forawd and at them! Ride through them, sergeant, and remember the slain of Meerut! Kill as many as you can!"

through them, sergeant, and remember the slain of Meeruti Kill as many as you can!"

Two hearty English cheers rang above the clamor, and out flashed sabre and tulwar. The horses, as if they understood just what was required of them, plunged forward at a gallop. The rabble had swarmed toward the feringhees, supposing that they would turn and flee, and the bold attack came therefore as a rather disheartening supprise.

It was a brief but sangulnary fight. Out from the writining, cursing horde, scattering the rearmost in terror, emerged the two Englishmen, thomselves almost untouched, but leaving behind them a goodly number of dead and dying. A trail of dust eddied and mounted in their wake as they galloped on over the hard white road, farther and farther from the clamor of human flends and the glare of buring houses, nearer and mearer to safety and Rampoora.

"Hot work that, sir," said Ruggles.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

There was no ammunition on the Hindoo's body, so his gun was useless, and was left behind. But Ruggles had a sabre, a carbine and a pistol, and the latter weapon, with a handful of cartifidges, he gave to Jack, who had also his still serviceable tulwar.

All was quiet in the immediate vicinity as they pushed forward, but a vague noise of shouting in the distance told that the native seum of the town and the released jailbirds were piliaging and robbing with a free hand.

So thick was the smoke from the burning houses and bungalows, and so far and low had it spread, that even the white surface of the road was visible for but a few yards ahead.

The hoarse clamor, rising and ebbing on the night air, was one note of mad triumph. No cries of terror were to be heard, no shrieks of frightened women and children, which meant that the European population had either escaped to the jungle or perished by the bayonet and the sword.

"Thore's a bruise or two on my left arm, and the top of my heimet is surface of the road was visible for but a few yards ahead.

"You'll get plenty of fighting, be assured, before this trouble is over," the young officer answered saily.

By this time they were some distance from Meerut, and the turnell rising from the sword.

"Thore's a bruise or two on my left arm, and the top of my heimet is surface of the road was visible for but a few yards ahead.

The hoarse clamor, rising and ebbing on the night air, was one note of mad triumph. No cries of terror were to be heard, no shrieks of frightened women and children, which meant that the European population had either escaped to the jungle or perished by the bayonet and the sword.

"Thore's a bruise or two on my left arm, and the top of my heimet is surfaced of the population, and the turnelly feel them now, sir. I'd like to have another government of the mass-action,"

"You'll get plenty of fighting, be assured, before this trouble is over," the young office answered saily.

By this time they were some distance from Mee

open country, and dived into the gloom of the jungle.

A little later, when they had covered four or five miles, a bright object spark-ling in the middle of the road caused them to pull up their horses abruptly. Ruggles dismounted and stooped over.

"Got a match, sir?" he inquired.

Jack scraped one, and the light shone on a brass buckle in his companion's hand.

"A trooper of the Third Native Caratry."

and.
"A trooper of the Third Native Cawairy
"A trooper of the Third Native Cawairy "A trooper of the Third Native Cavalry dropped this," said the sergeant. "And look here, sir. Do you see all those horseshoe prints in the dust? At least a dozen mounted men have passed this way, and that quite recently."

that quite recently."

"By heavens, you're right!" cried Jack.
"Bome of the mutineers of the Third,
who have detached themselves from the
main body, and are riding to Jhalapur
with news! And they must pass Rampoora! Mount, Ruggles! Quick, for God's
sake!"

They were off again, pounding over the narrow road with a crash and clatter of hoofs. On and on, while the miles slipped behind, down the nullah, where Tobias Clink had mot his death, and up the other slope with a rush.

Then, through a rift in the forest trees—what was that? A dull, red glow, as if from a smouldering fire, overhanging the edge of the horizon, And just where Rampoora lay!

"Too late, sir!" Ruggles said huskily, "If they've killed Madge—" Jack begun; and the sentence ended in a half sob.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHAPTER XIV,
HOW THE NEWS CAME TO JHALA-PUR.

"Pigs! Infidel dags! They have cluded our vengeance, but may the heavy curse of Brahma overtake them!"
The speaker was Matadeen Lal, a most forecous visaged havildar of the revolted Third Cavalry. He emphasized his words with a string of choice oaths, gave a tug to his long black moustaches and rolled his wicked eyes at the ten troopers of his command, whose silver gray uniforms, with orange facings, shone in a giare of light that owed but a fraction of its brilliancy to the soaring moon.

"I looked for better game than this," grumbled a swaggering sowar (trooper), as he kicked the corpse of an old Hindoo who lay at his feet in the short grass, "It was scarcely worth while to have drawn steel. It was different at Meerut, We had men's work there."

"And we shall have plenty more of it, mayhap," answered the havildar. "Not in a day-not in a week-will the British rays he ended and the Feripshees diven

mayhap," answered the havildar. "Not in a day-not in a week-will the British rage be ended and the Feringhees driven into the wea. But it is useless for us to tarry here longer. To horse, my brothers! On to Jinlapur! His Highness, Chandra Singh, will be well pleased to hear the glorious tidings that we bear, and he will send us to Delhi with gold clinking in our pockets."

There was a jangle of equipments and a rattle of scabbards, as the eleven troopers of the Third swung lightly to saddle and rode away from Rampoora, down the shaded avenue to the main road, leaving behind them the ineffaceable marks of their visitation.

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leaving behind them the incinceasion marks of their visitation.

It was a terrible scene on which the moon gazed through the dull canopy of smoke—a panorama of separate conflagrations that raged about the heart of the plantation and threw a lurid glaro on the surrounding borders of the jungle. House, factory, outbuildings—all were blazing. They had been burning for some time, and already, of such inflammable material were they constructed, the flames had wrapped them from top to bottom. Sparks danced and hovered in the air like millions of firefiles. Here and there a roof had fallen, a wall toppled inward or a bared skeleton of rafters hesitated to drop into the seething furnace below. The pretty bungalow was a hissing, crackling demon of flames, and in the compound lay the bodies of three fultiful

jungle at the first warning of the ap-proach of the marauders.

to risk their skins, had escaped to the jungle at the first warning of the approach of the marauders.

The night was yet young, though the fatal May 10th had run its allotted course and dropped into history. In distant Delhi, and more distant Agra, in many another town of the northwest province, the metal ghurries had changed the hour of 1 in the morning.

And while Rampoora was melting to shapeless embers and ashes, Lieutenant Fane and his gallant sergeant were three miles away on the Meerut road, pounding through the jungle, with reins drawn as tight as their tense heartstriags.

On to Jhalapur! The refrain echoed in the heads of Matadeen Lai and his ten sowars, and was bawled frequently from their lips, to reverberate along the forest aisles and startle sleeping birds and prowling beasts.

They yelled the louder, in more maudilin tones, as they rode on through the nisht; for they had confiscated and drunk Ralph Escourt's stock of old brandy before they put the torch to the bungalow. They boasted of the Fernghee's they had slaughtered in Meerit, same snatches of ribaid songs common to the bazars, and sat their saddles very unsteadily.

Doubtless the liquor also was to blame for the stupid error by which they blundered from the highway and went six miles out of their course before Matadeen Lal, who could hold more than the rest, awoke to the fact. Then, with threats and profanity, he drove the intoxicated revelers back to the main road, and by that time the cool air had partially cleared their muddled brains.

They were sober, albelt in high spirits, when in the pale rose-colored dawn they galloped ever the level plain to the outer walls of Jhalapur. They drow up before the gates and hammered on them with pistol but and blunt edge of saber.

"Open! Open!" they cried. "In the king's name!"

saber. "Open!" they cried. , "In the

"Open! Open! they
king's name!"
"There is no king but Bahadur Shah,"
replied the sentries, "and his rule is
only a shadow."
"We have tidings—glorious tidings—
for his highness! Open quickly!"
(Continued To-merrow.)



WOODWARD & SON LUMBER